

## LATER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

## ARRIVAL OF THE YAZOO.

## LATEST FROM ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

## Surrender of Fort Morgan.

## OFFICIAL DISPATCHES FROM THE ADMIRAL.

## DETAILS OF THE SIEGE AND SURRENDER.

The steamship Yazoo, from New-Orleans, arrived this morning, with the mails, merchandise and passengers to Louisiana, Heineken & Co. She passed, in the Mississippi River, bound up, the United States Navy dispatch steamer Tennessee and gunboat Bienville, with the prisoners from Fort Morgan. The U. S. transport McClellan left New-Orleans at 3 a. m. of the 24th, for New-York via Mobile. August 25th, at 3 p. m., 50 miles N. W. from Tortugas, exchanged signals with the steamship Evening Star, for New-Orleans. August 27th, at 11 a. m., exchanged signals with a brig bound North, showing a private signal—blue and red ground and white letter D in center. Have had strong head winds most of the passage.

Purser T. D. Cook, of the Yazoo, reports that the fleet attacked Fort Morgan on the morning of the 22d. Gen. Paige, commanding, surrendered indiscriminately at 2 p. m. on the 23d. The Fort was much damaged, owing to the rapid firing of the fleet, which was so quick and constant that the Fort could scarcely reply.

When the white flag was hoisted, the enthusiasm of our officers and men knew no bounds; they immediately commenced a promiscuous saluting with muskets, pistols, &c.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

NEW-ORLEANS, Aug. 24, 1864.

The following dispatches have been received:

PLACER HARTFORD, MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 23, 1864.

To Com. PALMER, Commanding at New Orleans.

Fort Morgan made an unconditional surrender at 2 p. m., today, to the forces of the Army and Navy. General Paige did not make us wait as long as I expected. We will cheer our flag and salute it, when hoisted, with an hundred guns by the whole fleet. Congratulations General Canby upon the great success which has attended his first effort in this Department. Nothing could have been more harmonious than our combined operations. We had no ambition to excel each other but in the destruction of the enemy's works, which was effectually done by both Army and Navy.

Very truly yours, D. C. FARRAGUT.

THE SIEGE AND ITS RESULT.

Six hundred prisoners were captured, and are now on their way up the river on the U. S. steamers Tennessee and Bienville. Gen. Paige is on board the Tennessee. All Saturday and Sunday night a regular artillery duel was kept up between the fort and Gen. Granger's men, about one gun being fired by the enemy every fifteen minutes, no damage resulting to either side, as far as known. On Monday morning at daylight a combined attack by the land and naval forces was begun, and shot and shell were fired furiously upon the doomed place, until between 6 and 7 o'clock yesterday morning a white flag was displayed over Morgan, and firing immediately ceased.

General Paige was given until 9 o'clock p. m. before the final capitulation took place, which was unconditional. At two o'clock Fort Morgan was taken possession of. At five o'clock on Monday afternoon the inner works and quarters of the fort were fired from our shells, but the flames were speedily extinguished. At 8 o'clock the same evening another fire broke out, which spread rapidly and burned with great fury until 2 o'clock a. m., when it was exhausted itself. During the whole of this terrible time, our fire was poured in upon the garrison from all sides, rendering the place as near a hell upon earth as the imagination can well conceive.

So fierce and continuous was our fire that the enemy were unable to respond in a way that in the least interfered with our operations; but one gun was worked by the Rebels during the whole engagement. Our losses during the conflict are stated at one man killed and three slightly wounded. The Rebel loss is about twenty killed and wounded.

Fort Morgan is badly shattered by our terrific fire, and is but the wreck of the stronghold over which proudly waved the Rebel flag on Sunday last. A salute is now being fired in honor of the victory.

M. W.

THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS—NARRATIVE OF THE ACTION AS SEEN ON BOARD THE ONCEIDA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

MOBILE BAY, Aug. 18.

On the afternoon of the 4th of August it was well understood through the fleet that the attack was to be made the next morning. That evening the monitor "Tennessee" arrived from Pensacola, which, with the "Winnebago," "Chickasaw," and "Mahantaw," were to form the van of the fleet. It had been decided that the fleet should pass in two abreast, each of the larger vessels taking one of the smaller ones on her port side, and sailing there, and running as many of the port guns over to the starboard side as could be found room for. At 2.30 a. m. of the 5th we called "all hands" went to breakfast, and commenced a hard day's work. At 3.30 the "Galena," who was to be our consort, came alongside of us, and we proceeded to lash the two ships together. About 5.30, I think, we got under way.

In this manner we slowly steamed along, the most deathlike silence reigning throughout the fleet; soon to be broken by the loud roar of heavy guns, the hoarse shoutings of officers and men, the cheers of victory and the groans of the dying.

These moments are decidedly the most solemn of any, every man, no matter how brave or how deeply interested he may be in the issue of the coming conflict, is thinking—an employment that sailors are unaccustomed to at any time; and none knows but that it may be the last opportunity of doing so; no wonder then that a few moments thus spent appear long and irksome—every one is listening for the first gun—the Captains of the guns are looking along the sights, lock-string in hand, and anxiously looking up into the Captain's face as though asking for the order to fire.

A few minutes after 7 we heard the first gun, and presently a shot from our 30-pounder Parrott rifle, on the foremast, told us that the action had begun.

We had not been long engaged when the "Tennessee" was hit on the foremast by a tremendous explosion followed by a very severe concussion. She had struck a torpedo, and was very much injured. As will be seen by the rude diagram, the channel was

very narrow, rendered so by a vast number of piles driven across between the two forts. It was rendered still more difficult and dangerous by being filled with these infernal machines, on one of which the Tennessee struck. The reason that the rest of the fleet did not share her fate was that they kept as close into the fort as possible, which the rebels thought we should not think of doing. They naturally supposed that we would keep as far off from them as we could, but they were deceived in this, as in many other of their calculations, though the commandant of the fort, Capt. Richard L. Page, formerly of the U. S. N., resolved to leave no means untried to accomplish our destruction. By this catastrophe we were deprived of the services of a noble vessel, and a still nobler body of men. Her captain, T. A. M. Craven, and his officers but two, and about 100 of her crew, met their death. Of the number saved, four were taken prisoners after swimming ashore from the sinking vessel. They were saved by a boat from the Metacomb, Capt. Jonett, who, though surrounded by a storm of shot and shells, lowered a boat and sent her to the rescue of the perishing men.

By this time this ship had got nearly abreast of the fort when a rifle shell struck the side, passing through the chain cable armor as easily as if it had been paper, and entering the starboard boiler compartment. The effect produced was appalling: the ship was instantly enveloped in the escaping steam, and all the engineers, firemen and coal heavers, with the exception of two or three, were horribly scalded. But this did not prevent us from working our guns; the presence of mind of a few prevented any thing more than a momentary confusion, and the firing was continued as rapidly as before. We, being the sternmost ships, were exposed to a much longer and heavier fire than any of the other vessels, for there was nothing astern of us to draw the fire of the enemy, and long after the fleet had passed by the fort and entered the bay, a tremendous raking fire was kept up on us by the fort and water-batteries.

One shot struck a twelve-pounder howitzer on the poop, breaking the elevating screw and disabling the bed of the boat-carriage on which it was mounted. A fragment of this struck Commander Mallory on the forehead. He coolly took a handkerchief from his pocket, bound it round his arm, and remained for some time talking to his clerk. In fact the coolness and bravery of Commander Mallory, both before and during the action, was very conspicuous, and, although he had only been on board two days, we had all learned to esteem him, and, what is best of all, we had the greatest confidence in him. Before reaching the fort, while everyone was waiting the order to fire, he went from gun to gun, speaking kindly and encouragingly to us all, telling us to remain steady, obey orders, and keep cool; he himself setting a noble example of what he wished each one of us to be. His wound proved to be very serious; he was compelled to go to the surgeon, where he suffered amputation of the limb below the elbow.

The command of the ship now devolved upon Lieut. C. L. Huntington, the executive officer. About the same time that the captain was wounded an eight-inch shot struck the mainmast about three feet above the deck, embedding itself in the very center of the mast, where it still remains; another rifle-shell also struck the ship's side, close to the water-line, and, entering the "shaft-tunnel," started a fire there, which, was, however, soon extinguished. Glancing upwards, it entered the cabin, and there exploded, producing the most complete wreck ever witnessed. Chairs, tables, looking-glass, bureau, book-case, in short everything in the cabin was in an instant utterly demolished. Fire was communicated to the building, curtains, etc., which, however, was soon extinguished. The bulkhead separating the cabin from the ward room was torn down, opening easy access in that direction, in case fire should again break out.

Another shot struck us close to the water-line forward, entering the berth deck, and passed through the port side, carrying with it one of the air ports; it pierced the bow of the Galena and going into the Yeoman's storeroom, stove in an oil tank and there remained. By some means it started a fire on the berth deck very close to the magazine, but which fortunately was speedily extinguished. The concussion produced by the passage of this shot extinguished the magazine light, and for a time all was darkness below; this was by far the hottest and heaviest of the fight, and still the roar of our heavy 11-inch guns could be heard and felt, though we had now got so far ahead that our guns could hardly be brought to bear; and as we passed on we preyed a fair mark for a raking fire, an advantage the enemy, you may be sure, did not fail to avail themselves of.

Two rifle shells struck the break of the fore-castle, ripping up the deck, and then glancing forward, passed out, one on the port bow, exploding as it passed, the other on the starboard bow close to the sheet-hawse pipe, and closer still to one of the unfortunate crew who had been so dreadfully scalded, and who had been laid there for shelter until he could be carried below to the surgeon. The shot did not strike him, though the poor fellow afterwards died in great agony. In the same raking fire, a piece of a shell struck the 11-inch gun carriage, embedding itself in it; and a solid shot struck a machine, taking off his head as clean as a turnip with a large bar, at the same time striking the gun itself, deeply indenting and cracking it.

The Captain of the gun was badly wounded by the splinters and by pieces of the man's head striking him in various parts of the body, bespattering him with blood and brains. But he experienced a most remarkable escape, similar instances of which have been occasionally recorded in the annals of war. His name was James Sheridan; he was a war. His name was James Sheridan; he was a war. His name was James Sheridan; he was a war.

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him. I procured water and washed and dressed his wounds, which were bleeding profusely, so much so that before I had concluded he fell back faint and exhausted. He soon after revived, was placed in a cot, and cared for by the surgeon.

At length we passed out of range of the fort, but our work was not yet done. The enemy's fleet consisted of a large and heavy ram called the Tennessee, and the gun-boats Selma, Nashville, Gaines, Morgan, and other smaller craft, who all stood prepared to dispute our further progress up the bay. The Tennessee was an immense, powerful vessel, built under the immediate supervision of the ablest naval architects the South could find. Her sides were almost solid, 24 inches in thickness, over which was a casing of iron 6 inches thick. She carried 8 rifle guns of the Brooke's patent, throwing a shot 126 lbs. in weight, 7 1/2 inches in diameter, and of a conical shape.

No pains or expense had been spared to render her invulnerable, and it was said that the ladies of Alabama had, by the disposal of their jewelry and the relinquishment of many little private luxuries, contributed largely to the construction and equipment of it, and for this it was called the "ladies' ram," and upon it was placed all the hopes of the Southern people in this quarter. She carried the flag of Admiral Buchanan, who, at the breaking out of the war was in command of the Navy Yard at Washington, from which post he resigned his commission, and soon after entered the rebel service. It was he who had command of the "Merimac" in her encounter with the "Monitor," a combat which, for its novelty, now forms a celebrated page in the annals of naval warfare, and in which, though far superior in size and strength to his opponent, he was compelled to retire, and leave his little adversary master of the field.

This ram seeing the disabled and crippled condition of the Onoclea, made directly for us closely followed by our Monitor, the "Winnebago," which vessel was temporarily commanded by Commander T. H. Stevens, who had been in command of this ship and had been detached from her only two days previously. This gentleman was known throughout the fleet by the "aoubiquet" of "Lighting Tom Stevens." The ram approached to within 300 yards of us, intending to fire into us, and run us down at the same time, but we were saved by what I am sure was nothing but a direct interposition of Divine Providence in our behalf.

Three times we could distinctly hear the primers of her guns snap without exploding the charges in them; and then, upon her preparing to run into us, she found she was so closely pressed by the Winnebago that she had done so and sunk us she would undoubtedly have sunk herself also, for she could not, after striking us the blow, have extricated herself from us by reason of the proximity of the Winnebago, who was in a position to return the compliment, and who would doubtless have sent her down to bear us company. She therefore dropped astern, intending to take us, as she did so, firing into her with our almost disabled 11-inch gun.

Getting astern of us she gave us two or three raking shots, but in the meanwhile her wheel ropes, and after that her relieving tackles, were shot away; and while repairing these damages she endeavored to reach the fort to get under the cover of its guns, but she was gallantly met by our fleet; first the Monongahela, then the Lackawanna, each heavy ships of fifteen or sixteen hundred tons, ran with all their force under a full head of steam right into her. These tremendous shocks did not appear to harm her any more than did the broadsides which they poured into her with the utmost rapidity, though the prisoners afterwards told us that they caused no little consternation on board of her, causing everything movable in her to tremble, and setting everything adrift in her.

Notwithstanding this, no breach was effected in the massive sides of the huge opponent. The Brooklyn, the Hartford and the Richmond came next, each in their turn running full tilt against her and pouring broadsides after broadsides into her; the three monitors also discharging their 11-inch and 15-inch guns into her, or rather against her, without any apparent effect. At length a broadside from the Brooklyn carried away her smoke-stack, and her fire began to slacken, and soon, finding further resistance useless, she heeled down her colors and ran up the white flag in token of surrender. Our fire immediately ceased and an officer was deputed to go on board and receive the vanquished Admiral's sword.

On getting on board, Admiral Buchanan was found to be severely wounded in the leg. He yielded with a very bad grace; in fact, it was said, that after receiving his wound, he gave orders to his next in command to continue the fight as long as there was a man left, and then, when he found he could do no more, to run the vessel ashore and blow her up. Whether the officer, so charged, was inclined to obey these orders or not, I cannot say; at all events, they were not obeyed; the vessel was quietly surrendered, the prisoners transferred to our vessels, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on her staff, greeted as they went up by the hearty cheers of the whole fleet.

Of the rest of the enemy's fleet, the Selma was gallantly attacked by Capt. Jonett, of the Metacomb, who boarded her after giving her a broadside, and to whom, after a sturdy resistance, she surrendered. The Gaines escaped and took refuge under the guns of the fort, where she was soon after burnt to prevent her falling into our hands. All the other, together with another steamer consisting mostly of ladies who had come down from the city as spectators, to see their ram whip the Yankees, fled up the bay as fast as steam could carry them, very much disappointed, doubters, at the result of the day's fight.

Thus ended this day's combat. All the latter part of it, after the ram had withdrawn her attention from us, we were, in consequence of our disabled condition, compelled to be mere spectators of our consort, the Galena, having sent us off, we were taken in tow by the gunboat Itasca, and conducted to an anchorage.

The casualties in our fleet were, considering the duration and obstinacy of the fight, not so numerous as might be expected. The vessels which suffered most were the Hartford, which lost 2 killed, the Brooklyn, 12 killed, and the Onoclea 3; three more of the latter dying of their wounds or injuries two days after.

With regard to the vessels themselves we were all pretty well used up, but none so badly as the Onoclea; in fact the Admiral has been heard to say that he more than once expected we should be sunk in passing the fort, an apprehension which was fully shared by more than one of the captains in the fleet. We had one 11-inch gun, one 11-inch gun, one 12-pounder howitzer put hors du combat, the starboard boiler torn to pieces, wheel ropes shot away, forecastle deck nearly demolished, the combings of the fire-room hatch torn away, the cabin and its contents a complete wreck, an eight inch shot in the mainmast, three boats very badly injured (one of them utterly useless) and many disabled of holes in our sides, masts, spars and hammock cloths, had been on fire in three different places, and had eleven men killed and thirty wounded—quite enough for one day's work. In

short, I must say that though I am not altogether a novice in these affairs, having "smelt powder" in many parts of the world before, I do not remember having seen anything that equaled in severity this action, especially the latter part of the passage by the fort.

The enemy fought well; and with regard to the ram, Tennessee, that she was all, I was going to say more than, she was represented to be, all who witnessed as I did the terrible combat she sustained with our heavy steam sloop, must confess, bravely, even in an enemy is commendable, and the way in which Admiral Buchanan ran the gauntlet of our fleet, receiving without flinching, the succession of heavy broadsides of nine inch guns, could not but be admired by all, though it is to be deeply lamented that such determined courage and heroism should be displayed in the cause of rebellion and treason.

Having thus obtained an entrance into the Bay of Mobile, in spite of the bombast, the threats and the determined resistance of the enemy, the next thing to be done was to reduce the forts around it. Fort Powell was too small and too insignificant to take much of our attention, and so, it appeared, thought the holders of it—for that night while lying quietly at anchor we heard and saw a loud explosion in that direction, and next morning found that rebels had destroyed and then evacuated it.

This saved us some trouble, and now Fort Gaines must be thought of. This is situated on the South-east end of Dauphin Island, and though by no means so powerful as Fort Morgan, could have made a stout resistance. But on Sunday, the 7th, a message was sent to the Admiral offering to surrender Fort Gaines on conditions—that they were to know not, but nothing short of an unconditional surrender would, of course, suit the Admiral. Seeing, then, the hopelessness of his case, and the inability as well as danger of holding out, there being 200 or 300 of our soldiers on the island, under the command of General Grainger, the commander of the fort, on the morning of the 8th, hauled down his flag, and surrendered it and his whole command to the naval forces of the United States.

Leaving a garrison in Gaines, the troops were transported across the bay and landed on the narrow neck of land at the extremity of which stands Fort Morgan. This place shows signs of making a stubborn resistance; but being closely invested by the troops on our side, who you may be sure are not idle, and our fleet on the other, all communication with the city of course entirely cut off, it is impossible for it to hold out a great while, and I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing the flag once more waving from the summit of its flag-staff.

P. S.—I see that some very absurd and foolish reports of the fight have found their way into the New-Orleans papers, with regard to this ship and some others of the fleet—do not believe any of them; they are full of inaccuracies. I see also that a very incorrect list of our officers is published in the Herald of I think, the 6th inst. The following is a correct one, of the officers and men on board this vessel, when we went into action on the morning of the 3th:

Commander—J. R. M. Mallory. Lieutenant—C. L. Huntington. Executive Officer—C. S. Cotton. E. N. Kellogg. Acting Ensigns—John Sears, H. C. V. Grier (promoted). Surgeon—John S. Taylor. Assistant Paymaster—George E. Martin. Chief Engineer—W. H. Hunt. First Assistant—R. H. Fitch. Third Assistant—W. D. Davis. N. D. Dillon. Acting Master's Mate—Ed. Bird. Detail Clerk, John Devereux. Boat-steward—Holloway Dickinson. Gunner—William Parker. Captain's Clerk—George A. Elberts. Paymaster's Clerk—W. P. Trevellick.

Now in hospital, Pensacola—wounded.

NEW ORLEANS, August 23, 1864.

Everything is quiet. I presume I shall violate no order in making public the following, as it will doubtless be commensurate with this reaches Nassau-Street.

As soon as the army is ready the fleet will move in the direction of Mobile covering the advance of General Granger's troops, while a regiment of infantry with the 1st Indiana artillery, and a battery of 10-inch mortars will take care of Fort Morgan.

I am not at liberty to say more than the above, although further details are spoken of in military circles.

My agent at Lakeport dispatched to me yesterday morning thus:

Stemmer "Brown" from the fleet this morning brings news that the garrison is burning the gun-carriages and destroying the ammunition of Fort Morgan, and that there can be but little doubt but that the Fort is now in our possession.

My own opinion is that the announcement is premature. A simple look at any good map will show any one that Fort Morgan is now a fifth coach wheel, of no account either for or against the campaign.

There was an exchange of prisoners yesterday, arranged thus: A gentleman, well known around "Fruiting House Square," New-York, but who is now engaged as a planter, was taken prisoner by some of the Rebel Scott's raiders, and effected an arrangement to negotiate the exchange, came back and did it. The exchange took place yesterday, at a point on the Clinton road about sixteen miles back of Baton Rouge. The party we gave was eighty-six in number, but represented one hundred and twenty-three privates. Of those that we received nineteen were of the 11th New-York Zouaves (Scott's Nine Hundred). The list has not yet reached the Commissary of Prisoners; as soon as it arrives you shall have it. But, for the satisfaction of "friends at home," I will say that all of this regiment who were captured about three weeks ago have been returned.

Gen. Francisco N. De Boydon, whose name has so frequently graced the columns of The New-Orleans True Delta, the proprietors of that paper, have been taken in all the varieties of million small-arms, have come to grief. Or, perhaps, to qualify the expression with more clearness, we might say has run away from it. The facts, as nearly as we can learn them, are about these: The General is no General at all, but has a commission to purchase arms, ammunition and supplies in foreign countries for Cortinas, and he has arrived in our presence a connection with the Mexican Governor, of which we could derive no very clear conception. He went all over town talking Mexico, furnished a white cloth on his single hand, wrote letters for the newspapers, though, for my life, I never could see what he did to aid Mexico.

It is said that he has no commission from Juarez, but of this we are not informed. He went North suddenly, leaving here on the steamer Olive Branch.

The charges for him, Messrs. Dry and Fellows against Gen. Hahn excites more laughter than comment. The fact is that the least said about the "record" of men during the days when Lovell and Tom Moore ruled in Louisiana the better. There is not a baker's dozen whose recollection does not require a little polishing. In the state of affairs now existing it is not wise to go back months. But rather accept the present in abatement for the past. Even

Thomas J. Durant, whose impenetrable garments, like those of the Hebrew children, bear no trace of order, replied to the agents of Gen. Butler, who asked him to take the oath of allegiance: "What shall I swear to support a man who robs me of my slaves?"

An order of more or less importance to the banks of this city, was issued to-day by General Banks. It requires them to exchange the legal tender notes of the United States Treasury notes at par for their own notes. To understand the position of this matter, I have to relate that for several months past the legal tenders of greenbacks have been at a discount of from 4 to 6 per cent. below the notes of the Canal Bank and the Citizens' Bank. Recently the difference in discount has extended to the notes of other banks, say the Lewis or State Bank, the Union Bank, and the Mechanics and Traders Bank. All these banks have been retiring their circulation for the past twelve months. The premium on Canal Bank for legal tenders has, during the past three weeks, increased to 10 and 12 per cent.; Citizens' to 8 and 10; State Bank to 4 and 5, and the others to 3 and 4 per cent. premium. The banks are not answerable for this difference in the discount on the greenbacks, only so far as this: The Citizens and Canal banks, up to three months ago, would sell sterling exchange at lower rates for their own notes than they would for greenbacks, something like allowing a premium to retire their own circulation.

The causes of the preference and premium for city bank notes, arise from the fact that they can be used in the purchase of cotton in the Confederate States; greenbacks being prohibited by statutes from being circulated, or received in payment for any produce, or in the way of trade; though no one has been known to refuse them, who could obtain them. Gold is being prohibited from being sent out of the city. Cotton traders have no other resource therefore than to buy up the issues of the banks of the city. What effect the order will have remains to be seen, because, if a party holding greenbacks desires notes of either of the banks, the banks must make the exchange or show good reason for declining. It is a hard case with the banks, as they are not in fault. On the contrary they have been anxious to withdraw their circulation. The Citizens' Bank has something over one million of dollars outstanding, which it is prepared to redeem in legal tenders or greenbacks; the Canal Bank has about \$400,000, which it has been endeavoring to redeem for two years.

The State Bank has two millions and a half dollars. It could not redeem its circulation in three years, even with greenbacks; yet its notes have sold at five per cent. premium. The other three banks' circulation is mostly secured by stocks, worth about double the amount of circulation. Two other banks have very little circulation. They are in liquidation by military orders. The recent financial commission which examined the banks, valued the stock of the Citizens' Bank at \$151 per share, and the others from par down to nothing. It will be observed the two last lines are pretty sharp and sarcastic. The banks, also, if forced to increase their circulation, will have to pay the heavy tax under the Revenue Law. It is uncertain what measures they will adopt; or whether they will not all liquidate at once. They may arrange to matter with the authorities, by urging them to restrict traders and brokers from buying and dealing in bank-notes which are recurrent or command a premium over greenbacks. PELICAN.

Banks of Louisiana.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, August 22, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 112.—The Banks of the State of Louisiana having so far failed to comply with important provisions of the laws of the State as to justify the forfeiture of their charters, are hereby ordered, as a condition of the further extension of the franchise of banking, to receive the Treasury Notes of the United States in exchange at par for their own issues, respectively. Any institution aggrieved by this order may demand investigation of its affairs and show that its credit is superior to that of the United States. By command of Maj. Gen. Banks. GEORGE B. DRAKE, Asst. Adj. Gen.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Numbered Arrival of Juarez in the United States—Movements of the Emperor Maximilian—The Military Situation.

By an arrival yesterday from New-Orleans we have interesting intelligence from Mexico.

Juarez had left the country, it was rumored for the United States. This report seems the more probable as his family had arrived at New-Orleans by the steamer Clinton from Brazos Santiago.

The New-Orleans Advertiser says that Juarez, his wife, had left Mexico, and at the date of writing—August 24th—was on a vessel in the Mississippi River, where he would be detained by a ten days' quarantine.

The Emperor Maximilian is pursuing a conciliatory policy, and is trying to obtain the adhesion of the prominent men of all parties. He had left the Capital for Guadalajara, hoping to win over to his cause the Juarez Club there, who it was rumored were disaffected. He had again urged Santa Anna to come to Mexico.